Tequila and Me by brokenpromisesandhope

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Summary:

Stoncy goes clubbing.

Tequila and Me

Author's Note:

> Hey friends, this is a Drabble I posted months ago and just finished, and as much as I love stoncy clubbing.. they didn't make it there this time. Damn tequila!!!
> Xx
> T

Jonathan's been dating Nancy long enough to know that Drunk Nancy is a handful. He'd honestly wondered if Steve had the same issue, and that was where the whole 'Nancy The Slut Wheeler' idea had come from. Not that he had a problem with her sluttiness, especially since it was only directed at him. Drunk Nancy had a habit of shouting every time she spoke, and she'd bite her lips raw, and her face would get red. She'd try to take her clothes off insisting she was hot, or beg strangers for cigarettes knowing damn well that Jonathan always kept a pack in his car. Once she'd grabbed his entire dick in front of a security guard, right before they got kicked out of a bar.

Jonathan was used to Drunk Nancy. However he was not prepared for Drunk Steve. The three of them have only been dating about five months, not including the two months of whatever the hell was going on. He's seen Drunk Steve three times, and each time is more intense than the last. Drunk Steve is adorable, and needy and clingy. He starts sweating, and his hair will get flat, his pupils blow wide and his face gets red. He starts getting touchy, his big hands and thick fingers wrapping around Jonathan's forearm while he stares at him with wide brown eyes. And he's not loud like Nancy, but he doesn't shut up. He just talks and talks in his regular voice about nonsense, and crawls in your lap demanding kisses.

It takes longer than he thinks, for both of them to be drunk together, but it's no easier. It's a Friday night and they had decided to go out clubbing. It's almost the end of the term so school's dying down, and Nancy'd bought a new dress that she hadn't stopped talking about for two weeks. So Jonathan had gotten off work and headed home to shower and dress for the night.

He's wearing a pair of tight black jeans and a v-neck white t-shirt with the lion chain necklace Steve and Nancy had bought him for their three month anniversary and slides on a leather jacket, but feels extremely underdressed when Nancy yanks open the door to Steve's house, cheeks already pink. Her short hair is curled and she's wearing dangly silver earrings. She's got on dark eye makeup and bright red lipstick and she's wearing a black, sequined mini dress. She's still a few inches shorter than him in her black heels and she smiles wide, launching herself into his arms,

"Jonathan!" she screams.
He grabs her and she wraps her arms around his waist, burying her face in his neck,
"You smell so good."

"Thanks Nance, pregaming are we?"

"It was Steve's idea! Come on!" She slides down and drags him into the kitchen where Steve's sitting on the counter in a black t-shirt and insanely tight skinny jeans. He looks amazing too. He doesn't know how he go so lucky to have two gorgeous people who loved him.

Steve smiles and sets his beer down, making grabby hands at Jonathan until he comes closer and gives Steve a gentle kiss. Steve doesn't let him go right away though, he pulls Jonathan down, and runs his hands through his hair, nibbling on Jonathan's lip until he pulls away, face flaming.

"C'mon Jonathan, have a drink with us!" Steve says, pulling Jonathan to the kitchen.

Nancy's standing on her tiptoes to grab shot glasses and Steve gestures to the cut up lime on the counter. The bottle of tequila is already open, the salt shaker next to it. Nancy bounces down and sets down three shot glasses,

"Jonathan, you're first," she slurs, tossing her hair over her shoulder and pushing her chest out.

"Huh?" He asks her, as Steve pours as much liquor as he can fit into the glass.

“Body shots. Lick first, apply some salt, lick it up, take the shot, and then take the lime,” she says, before taking a wedge of lime and putting it in between her glossy lips.

She raises an eyebrow at him, and feeling slightly awkward and entirely too sober, he licks a stripe across her collarbone. She moans, as she shakes the salt onto the wet skin, grabbing the shot in his hand. He licks up the salt and downs the shot, trying not to gag, before sealing his mouth over hers, taking the lime. He shudders, the nasty alcohol pulsing down his throat, and spits the lime in the trash. Nancy laughs giddily, clapping her hands, before pushing Steve against the counter,

“My turn.”

Nancy licks the salt off both of Steve’s hip bones as she takes two shots, on her knees, looking up at him with wide eyes. Jonathan can feel the ghost of his erection as he presses against Jonathan, licking the salt off of Jonathan’s very sensitive neck. It’s Jonathan’s turn again, and he licks up Steve’s wrist, and then across the swell of Nancy’s breast. The alcohol hits him fast, and by the time it’s his turn to drink again, he’s tipsy enough to crowd Steve against the counter and kneel, tugging down his tight jeans so he can lick across Steve’s thigh.

Steve moans as Jonathan’s tongue snakes under the elastic of his boxers, and he looks up to see Nancy lean in to kiss Steve, smearing her lipstick across his mouth as their tongues tease each other.

“You know what, fuck the club,” rasps Steve against Nancy’s mouth, “I want you guys to fuck me.”

Nancy pulls away to look down at Jonathan, her chest heaving,

“What do you say?”

Jonathan grabs Steve’s dick through his pants,
“Fuck the club.”